

little lamb's lullaby

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by [cannibalspectacle](#)

Summary

Hannibal Lecter, on a shift in the ER, encounters a fascinating omega with a newborn child. Naturally, he inserts himself into their lives. (An omegaverse spin-off of the Hambleverse)

Notes

These are not officially connected to the hambleverse as seen in žvaigždė, but rather an omegaverse AU of that basic AU. Like žvaigždė, these snippets will be out of order and vary in length.

TW FOR THIS CHAPTER: Depictions of labor and childbirth, including blood and grossness. To skip that, scroll to the line break.

one

Will gets through his pregnancy with the help of Google, drugstore vitamins, and walk-in clinics that didn't ask questions about him being alone or about the lack of a mating scar on his neck. The prices hospitals charge unmated omegas for pregnancy and birth-related healthcare are ridiculous, and Will can't afford those kinds of bills. He does all of it on his own, and by the end of it he's fairly confident in his ability to handle everything without anyone's help.

Then the contractions start.

He chose the house he lives in precisely because it was isolated. He has no neighbors or anyone nearby, and usually he likes it that way. Nobody to bother him. But also, he realizes now, nobody to help him. He could die in this house and no one but his dogs would know.

Will certainly feels like he's dying. He feels like he's being slowly ripped apart, every hard clench of his womb making him groan. He loses track of time. Nothing exists but his body, the heavy weight of his baby low in his belly, and the pain that ripples through him. The contractions come faster and faster, until it doesn't feel like they ever stop.

"Please," He whispers at one point, voice hoarse and rough, "Please, no more, please." He doesn't know who or what he's speaking to. The pain, perhaps, or the baby, or his own body. There is no one else to speak to, no one to comfort him or encourage him or save him. There is only Will. Only Will and his child.

He's lying in his bathtub, his head tilted back against the cool porcelain of the wall. He's shaking constantly now, unable to stop himself, his naked thighs wet and sticky with amniotic fluid and blood. "I can't do this." He says, louder. It's not like anyone can hear him. "I can't, please, it *hurts*." The last word comes out as a sob as yet another pain hits him, and Will screams, knowing it's useless but unable to stop himself.

How long has he been suffering, struggling alone towards a goal that seems so far away and out of reach he can barely even remember it? Too long, surely, at least an eternity. It's too long, it's too much, and Will can't handle it. He's struck with a sudden certainty: He is going to die. He's going to die here, naked, in his own bloodied bathtub. He's going to die, and so will the baby trying to escape his body, all because Will was too stubborn and stupid to get actual medical care.

"I'm sorry," He whispers tearfully, hands pressed to the swell of his belly, "I was so wrong, I can't, I'm sorry."

Something inside shifts. An urge abruptly hits him, fierce and instinctive and primal. *Push this baby out*, his body screams at him, *Now. Right now.*

Will grips hold of his own legs and pushes. He isn't quite sure how he manages it, with how exhausted he already was, but nature is giving him an order and he is helpless but to obey. He pushes, as hard as he can for as long as he can, gasping for breath when he runs out before

pushing again, desperately hoping that he's making some sort of progress. Again and again and again, until he loses count of how long he's been pushing. Something *burns*, and Will screams, sobbing as he feels himself stretch impossibly, painfully, wider. He reaches down between his legs, hand trembling, and gasps when he touches something that isn't his own skin.

"*Oh*," He whispers, fingertips gently running along a faint, wet dusting of hair. "Hello." Suddenly remembering that there is something he needs to check, he slips his fingers down further, and sighs with relief when he finds only skin, no cord yet in sight. Will forces himself into a more upright position, moving his hands to cup protectively around that precious little head, and when the next pain strikes him, he pushes one more time, laughing breathlessly when the shoulders come free and his baby slips out into his hands.

"Hey," He croaks, gathering the limp, bloody little thing into his arms. His hands are shaking, his whole body's shaking, everything hurts. But it doesn't matter anymore. Unsure what exactly to do but trying to be gentle, he cradles it to his chest. Babies are supposed to cry when they come out, aren't they? Why isn't it crying?

Suddenly frightened, he lifts the baby from his chest. It -- He, some distant, detached part of his brain notes with a glance, the baby is a *he*, a little omega like Will himself -- is wet and warm with blood and other fluids, but silent. "Come on," He says softly, propping the baby against his shoulder, near the scent-gland in his neck, rubbing and patting the tiny little back, "Breathe, you can do it." His voice breaks and his vision blurs. When the baby came, that was supposed to be the end of the pain. "Please, just breathe..."

There's a faint, weak little sound, like a cough. Then the smallest, daintiest gasp Will has ever heard. And his baby is crying. Will laughs softly, overwhelmed, as he purrs encouragement, ducking his head to press his nose to the scent gland in the baby's neck. He's so relieved that he almost doesn't notice the blood. When he looks down, the placenta - - still attached to the baby, because he hasn't cut the cord -- lays between his legs, ejected by his body automatically while Will was preoccupied with the baby. But he's bleeding. He's still bleeding, and there's *so much* of it.

"Oh no," He whispers, baby now snuffling softly against his neck. He's getting dizzy, his head aches, everything hurts all over. He needs help. And there's no one to get it for him. Only him and the tiny, fragile little life depending on him.

He needs to move. He hates the thought of it, legs still shaking with exhaustion and pain, but he has no other choice. He needs to move, to find his phone, to get help. He bites through the umbilical cord, and braces his free hand on the side of the bathtub, taking a deep breath before hauling himself to his feet. It *hurts*. He'd known it would hurt when he decided to do it, but the reality is worse than his brief imagining. Everything in his body is telling him to lay down, to hold his pup and close his eyes and rest. But he can't do that, not yet, not before he gets help for himself and the baby.

He manages to get himself out of the tub, unable to keep himself from screaming in pain, and whispering frantic apologies when the baby wails in response. Grabbing a washcloth, he stuffs it into his own mouth to muffle himself and keeps going. Clutching the wall for support, baby on his shoulder, sobbing quietly with every step, he makes his way to the living

room. Thankful that, at least, he'd had the sense to lock the dogs in the barn with food and water when his labor began. Finding his phone, he lowers himself to the floor, cradling his whimpering pup, and dials 9-1-1, gasping out a frightened, half-garbled plea for help when someone answers.

The baby blinks up at him with unfocused, colorless eyes, and Will tries to smile as he feels his consciousness slip away.

The man on the gurney is beautiful. It's the first thought that comes into Hannibal's head at the sight of him. Sheet-white and trembling with shock and blood-loss, he still manages to be striking in appearance, and beneath the smell of blood and fear and birth, his natural scent is intoxicating — Pine and cinnamon and honey. Hannibal's first urge is to protect him, to wrap him in blankets and mark him with Hannibal's own scent, and keep him safe. The instinct startles him. As an alpha, he tended to automatically feel protective towards omegas, who were so much more vulnerable, but never before has the desire struck him so strongly.

Laying on the unconscious omega's chest is a newborn, still coated in blood and fluid from birth, the ragged stump of the umbilical cord still attached to the baby's little stomach. It's the sight of the baby that brings Hannibal out of his mind and back to himself. His body works on instinct, giving orders and working through the motions of what needed done automatically.

The baby is tended to by a pediatric specialist, but it becomes apparent quickly that the newborn is perfectly fine. Hannibal himself sees to the new parent, who had torn during the birth. Postpartum care is not his specialty, but he had been the doctor on hand when the omega was wheeled into the emergency room, and so Hannibal stitches him up as quickly and efficiently as he would a surgery patient.

After the beautiful omega is sent to a recovery room for rest and blood transfusions, baby gently placed against his chest again, Hannibal can hardly focus on the rest of his shift. All he can think about is the lovely young man who had evidently been stubborn enough to go through labor and birth alone. His scent seems to linger, impossibly, in Hannibal's nostrils. When his shift ends a few hours later, he stops by the omega's room. Just to check, he tells himself.

The omega is still asleep, exhaustion obviously taking its toll. But some color has started to return to his skin, and he's shifted onto his side. Sleeping naturally, rather than sedated. And in a clear plastic bassinet beside the bed is a small bundle.

Hannibal approaches, oddly unable to help himself. He has seen babies before, of course, but this pair seems to draw him in somehow.

"Hello," He says softly to the baby. He has no name yet, but the parent's name had been discovered to be William Graham — And so the baby was fitted with a tiny paper anklet declaring him to be Baby Graham.

Baby Graham is soundly asleep, clearly worn out by the ordeal of being born. But his little yellow hat has slipped down over his eyes. Carefully, Hannibal fixes it, adjusting the

material back into its proper place.

And freezes when he hears a faint, weak, but unmistakable growl. He turns to find the omega, William Graham, baring his teeth as he slowly sits up.

“Don’t. Touch.”

Hannibal holds his hands up where William can see them — Clear evidence that he’s no longer touching. “I’m a doctor,” He says, “I don’t mean any harm. I want to help you.” And he finds, as he says it, that it’s actually true.

two

The door clicks quietly shut behind Hannibal as he enters the house. Usually, he would hear the dogs and his stepson running to greet him, but today, the house is oddly quiet. Hannibal tilts his head, considering — And yes, *there*, from the kitchen, he can hear the faint sound of a child giggling, and Will shushing him through his own muffled laughter.

Well, if his mischievous boys are playing some sort of game, Hannibal can certainly play along. “Oh, dear,” He says, projecting his voice, “I’m all alone. My darlings must not love me anymore.”

There’s an indignant squeak, and Adam comes racing out of the kitchen as fast as his little feet can carry him, hurtling into Hannibal’s legs with all the force a five year old can manage.

“Oh, there you are,” Hannibal says, in his best faux-surprised voice, kneeling to hug him. And then he freezes. He blinks a few times, just to be sure he hasn’t abruptly developed some sort of visual hallucinations.

Because Adam’s blue shirt is cheerfully emblazoned with the words **BIG BROTHER**.

The expression on his face must be priceless, because Adam giggles again. “Do you like my new shirt, Ada?”

It feels like his thought process has slowed down, as if his brain is trudging through molasses. For Adam to be a big brother, then that would mean...

“Ada?” Adam taps him gently on the cheek. “Oma, I think I broke Ada.”

Will’s laughter is the thing that finally makes it click. Hannibal looks up and Will is standing in the doorway to the kitchen, leaning casually against the wall. “If I had known getting knocked up was all it took to shut you up, I’d have done it sooner.”

Hannibal stands, lifting Adam to balance on his hip, and pulls Will close with his free arm. “My darling,” he murmurs, “I love you so.”

“I know,” Will rolls his eyes, “The proof has been making me hurl every morning for two months. Congratulations, asshole.”

Hannibal glances at Adam, who seems undisturbed by his omega father’s language. However, his little brow furrows in confusion, and after a moment, he says, “Why are you ‘gradulating Ada when you’re the one growing the baby?”

Hannibal, elegant doctor he may be, can’t help but laugh along with Will.

three

“How are things going with the new one?” Beverly asks, nodding towards the bump in Will’s middle, “Everything good?”

Will rolls his eyes, but he’s smiling. “We’re having trouble agreeing on a name.”

Beverly raises an eyebrow. “No Hannibal Junior, then?”

“It would be Hannibal the Ninth, actually, in that case,” Will corrects, and laughs when Beverly whistles.

“So what’s the problem?”

Will snorts. “Well, lemme tell you some of Hannibal’s suggestions and you tell me why I would have bad associations with that name.”

Beverly leans against the edge of the autopsy table. If not for the location and the dead body she’s sewing up, they could be any friends out for coffee. “Hit me.”

“Theodore.”

“Bundy,” She shoots back immediately, making Will grin.

“Jeffrey.”

Beverly nods. “Dahmer.”

“David.”

“Berkowitz.”

“John.” Will’s voice is practically dripping with derision.

“Gacy.”

“Richard.”

“Chase *and* Ramirez,” Beverly snorts.

Will shrugs. “So you see why there’s a problem.”

Beverly chuckles, nodding. “It’s like he *wants* you to name the kid after a murderer. You could always just name him after you.”

“Nah,” Will shakes his head, “Robert William Pickton.”

“This baby is doomed!”

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